WORLD'S HOME MAGAZINE.

THE EVOLUTION OF A LOVER INTO A HUMDRUM HUSBAND.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer Tells a Complaining Wife About The Disillusionments of Marriage, Which Should Be Made a Happy Prolonged Courtship.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I HAVE been married nearly ten years, but my husband has grown indifferent. He works until 6 o'clock and could be home early if he would, but he is never home before 9, and oftener it is 11 or 12, or perhaps 2 A. M. Sundays he is gone all day. And when he is here he finds fault with me. Sometimes I feel bad and have many a cry over it, and then again I get mad and think I don't care. I will not quarrel. I have a nice home and three good boys. He will do anything in his power for the children, but will never take them out or be seen with them. I am sociable and more entertaining and talkative, I know, than when I was young. He is not a drinking man. He gets good wages, but seems to prefer any place and any company to me and his home. I have a good home, and in one sense everything I want. He would break his neck to get anything I ask for in apparel or in provision for the house. I have all I want. He never refuses me any place I want to go. I could be entirely happy if he was different, but I miss those little attentions I always had, and I think he does not care for me as he ought and used to. What do you think? UNHAPPY.

Binghampton, N. Y.

I have always found the most satisfactory way to solve a question which concerns my own happiness vitally, is to calmly and dispassionately review the situation and, eliminating every one but myself from it, cold-bloodedly see where I am personally at fault.

Now, I really would like to be of use to you, and so I shall take the liberty of talking to you as I would to myself.

When a man cares enough for a woman to ask the privilege of spending his life in working to maintain her, he either does care for her with the unfaltering devotion which is the crown of wifehood to the blessed women who are so happy as to win the prize, or he thinks he so loves her, for no man ever pledges his life to a woman, intending to tire of her or to love her less than at the hour of his marriage.

Of course I am not speaking of the so-called marriage of convenience, where a desire for fortune or social ambition masquerades as love. It is a heart-breaking truth that many a man marries an ideal which he believes his sweetheart embodies.

It is just as heart-breaking a truth to have to acknowledge the disillusionment of ninety-nine out of a hundred wives who watch with dazed despair the evolution of the lover to a husband, but that belongs to the other side of the story.

You have not escaped this disheartening experience, but you have still a good deal saved out of what appears to you a marital shipwreck. But suppose we find out where you are at fault.

First, you make a great mistake in getting angry. You say you will not quarrel with your husband. What do you do when you get "mad"? Anger never did any good, and certainly anger never yet evoked love.

You need not look for a return of your husband's affection as a result of your getting "mad."

On the contrary, you may take my word for it that every time you treat your husband to a scene and lose your temper you send him farther away from you and make it harder to get him back.

I often think if a woman could see herself in a fit of temper as she impresses another it would effect a cure every time. If you will try the old, old recipe of winning back I believe in your case you will succeed.

Remember that there was a time when your husband loved to be with you better than with any one else. When he counted the hours that must pass ere he could reach your side.

What is the difference between the you of those days and the you of to-day?

Never mind about the difference in him—let us just talk about you.

It is not the years and the changes they bring to a woman's looks that are chiefly at fault—when husband and wife drift apart.

A happy, contented, sweet-tempered woman is never really old, and if she has learned the art of always looking neatly dressed she will not lose a man's affections because she is not elaborately gowned on every occasion. It is the soul, the spirit of the wife a man really loves.

Physical beauty is a great attraction, do not underestimate it; but without the loveliness of the loyal, gentle, unselfish woman's soul the love it evokes cannot outlast a few years.

The wife a man loves and does not tire of is the woman who is a good square friend, a delightful companion and a tender responsive sweetheart.

Don't expect to receive without giving. Don't imagine that a few caresses will drive the recollection of angry words from a man's mind.

Have you ever thought what it is to work all day long every day, every week, every year for a lifetime for the maintenance and pleasure of others.

I never did until long after I had to take the place of a man in my own family.

Do you know that a man at the end of a long wearing day (and wage earning is wearing—you may believe me when I say so) is utterly fagged bodily and mentally.

When he reaches his home it should be a real haven of rest. As long as it is so, as long as home means loving consideration, pleasure, harmony, the man of sober habits is most unlikely to prefer any other place. There must be a beginning to the time your husband first began to prefer other society to yours. It is most unlikely he was alone to blame for his desertion. Can't you go back to the of the charming ways of your courtship? Men are so pliable in the hands of women!

It has been said, and not untruly, that any woman can win and hold any man if she makes up her mind to and lives in the same house.

Make up your mind to be so charming yourself, to be so companionable, to have such an inviting home that no other person, no other place, can vie with you and your abode.

It isn't easy to forget injuries, and you have suffered much, but the only way to mend your affairs is through love—and love must not remember the beloved's faults.

Resolve to do yourself what is right. Stop thinking of your husband's imperfections; just love him for his many good traits and forget, really forget, his shortcomings. The forgetting must be real. It won't do to say, "I forget, but just the same I do remember such and such a grievance."

To forget our injuries we must really consider they never existed.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

There Is Law Against Carrying Concealed Weapons.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there a law against carrying concealed weapons?

HARRY GODSHALK.

The Latter Form Is Correct.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it better to have visiting cards engraved "William F. Smith" or "Mr. William F. Smith?"

JEAN MARCEAU.

An Etiquette Query.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I met a lady friend of mine walking with her sister, to whom I have never been introduced, and as they passed me both she and her sister said "Good morning." Is it right for me to bow in future, in case of meeting her sister alone on the street? K. F., Jr.

The lady should always bow first. Should you meet the sister again, she will doubtless bow if she cares to acknowledge your presence. In that case, of course, you must return the bow.

Plum Pudding Is an Old English Dish.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is plum pudding a New England dish?

NEW HOUSEKEEPER.

Queries About Jerusalem.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is there any railroad from the coast to Jerusalem and can one get drinking water? Is it a fact that it only rains twice a year there?

M. MOSKOVITZ.

There is a railroad from Jaffa (the nearest seaport) direct to Jerusalem. Filtered drinking water is in use in all the best hotels there. The fall and spring rains are heaviest, but it also rains there occasionally at other seasons of the year.

The Latter Is the Better Hand.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which is higher: Ace, deuce, tray, four and five, or king, queen, jack, ten and nine? A.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is it proper to wear a silk high hat and striped trousers with a frock coat?

ARCHIE.

SEVERAL PRINCESSES WHO ELOPED LIKE LOUISE OF SAXONY.

Louise of Saxe-Coburg Ran Off with a Lieutenant of Hussars and Became a Forger—Crown Prince Rudolph's Widow Sacrificed a Throne for Love—Don Carlos's Daughter Eloped with a Poor Artist Who Was Married.

AN epidemic of elopements has for some year been devastating the royal houses of Europe. Louise Antoinette, Crown Princess of Saxony, who two weeks ago abandoned her husband and children, leaving a dummy in her bed to postpone discovery, and whom the secret police of Europe have located at Geneva with her paramour, is the latest of many princesses married and unmarried, to forsake their thrones at the call of Cupid.

Kings and princes have from the earliest times fallen easy prey to the little god of love. Few, indeed, have there been among the scions of royal houses who have not had some fair Rosamond to beguile them, and it were a thankless task to follow the ways, strange and devious, which led them to her bower. The amorous vagaries of masculine potentates, however, are regarded as simple little errors of judgment which it is the duty of their wives or sweethearts to forgive and their people to forget.

But when a princess elopes successions are threatened, dynasties totter, the honor of the whole nation is supposedly involved. And the princesses go on eloping nevertheless.

European opinion has settled upon the belief that the Crown Princess of Saxony has renounced a throne for love. The identity of the favored man was not discovered until yesterday, when it became known that the Princess was living at Geneva with Prof. Giron, the obscure French tutor of the royal children. There was also an American dentist with whom Louise was said to be in love. But in the elopements as well as the marriages of royal women the man is a mere matter of detail.

The Crown Princess is a member of the ill-fated Austrian house of Hapsburg. The family of her illustrious relative, Francis Joseph of Austria, seems to have been marked by Cupid for his very own.

The tragic death in 1889 of the Crown Prince Rudolph who, with the Countess Marie Vetsera, committed suicide under mysterious circumstances at the shooting box of Meyerling, left his deserted wife, the Crown Princess Stephanie, second daughter of King Leopold of Belgium, a widow, young, beautiful and still unloved. The Crown Princess published last year a volume of recollections in which, after dealing very frankly with the mysteries of her first marriage, she said:

"Is it possible that I have passed through a long dark night and now the black clouded sky is flashed with rising light and a gleam of hope which presages the splendor of the sun? Shall I bask in its warm beams, and will it kiss the tears from my cheeks? Come, O sun, come. You will find a poor, almost withered rose, from which the hand of fate has stripped the thorns. A woman's life is her love. She does not really begin to live until she begins to love."

The sun whom the Crown Princess so poetically apostrophised rose in the person of Count Elenoir Lonyai, at one time Secretary of the Austrian Embassy at Rome.

There were grave doubts in the minds of the Princess Stephanie's relatives as to whether the sun had really risen with this very commonplace, distinctly third-rate nobleman of thirty-seven.

But the Princess did not bother about their opinion. For one woman like the tamed shrew Katherine, willing under masculine direction to call the sun a rush candle, there are twenty ready to christen a rush candle the sun at the dictate of their own sweet will.

When the almost middle-aged Princess announced her intention of wedding Count Lonyai the consequences of her imprudence were put before her by her father-in-law, the Emperor Francis Joseph; her father, King Leopold of Belgium, and by other less influential members of both families. She was told that she would no longer be first lady of the Austrian Court. She would lose position, power and money.

All of these, however, the Princess had had, so she was willing to discard them for the still unknown quantity—love.

Months of entreaty at last won a reluctant consent to the marriage from the Austrian Emperor, and on March 23, 1900, Stephanie wedded the man of her choice in the private chapel of Miramar Castle, at the same time renouncing in accordance with the Austrian law all her titles, which were bestowed upon her daughter by Crown Prince Rudolph, the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria.

The most notorious royal elopement of recent years was that of the Crown Princess Stephanie's older sister, Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg.

Princess Louise, oldest daughter of the King of the Belgians, was married to Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg when she was barely seventeen years old. From that time until her elopement in 1897 she seems to have been a fairly good wife to a man who maltreated her so shamefully that several times she fled from him to her father and mother, only to be told by them that it was her duty to return to her husband.

From the interval it will be seen that Duty took the Princess very far, but in the winter of 1896 she met for the first time in her life a wayfarer that thrust Duty aside and took her further and, sad to relate, in a different direction. This wayfarer appears to nearly all of us under different names, but Love was the particular alias by which he introduced himself to the charmed Princess of Coburg.

She met at a court ball Geza von Mattachich, an Austrian Lieutenant of Hussars, and the Princess, as a royal princess must when the man is of blood not royal, asked him to waltz with her.

Whether later she still conformed to the rigid requirements of court etiquette and asked the lieutenant to elope or whether the suggestion came from the enterprising but not particularly noble officer is not recorded. Suffice it that in February of 1897 the couple disappeared together.

Later there was a duel between the Princess's husband and the Lieutenant. Later still at Monte Carlo the Princess paid her clamorous tradespeople with notes to which she or her companion had forged the Crown Princess Stephanie's name. The lieutenant was arrested on a charge of forgery soon after and the Princess was kidnapped and placed in an asylum in Belgium, where she has been confined ever since. Her happiness was certainly brief. Whether its intensity equalled its brevity and made the game worth the candle—it was, after all, an old, old game and not a particularly pretty candle—Princess Louise of Saxe-Coburg alone could state. And they say she is insane.

When the Crown Princess Stephanie married Count Lonyai the most bitter opponent to the match was the Archduchess Elizabeth, her daughter.

Nevertheless the Archduchess herself later so far forgot the traditions, which she had thought it so easy for her mother to remember, as to marry beneath her rank. On Jan. 24 of this year, in order to marry the man of her choice, Prince Otto Von Windisch-Graetz, she renounced her rights to the Austrian throne and followed in the steps of Stephanie.

The sensation in royal circles in 1896 was the elopment of Dona Elvira, daughter of Don Carlos, pretender to the Spanish throne, with Count Polchi, an artist and a married man, of Rome. The Princess met Count Polchi, and falling in love with him they ran away together.

On hearing the news Don Carlos issued the following bulletin to his supporters:

"You are my family, my beloved children, and I therefore think it my duty to inform you that another of my children, she who was Infanta Dona Elvira, is dead to us all. May God in His infinite mercy have pity on that unhappy soul."

And the Princess Elvira has been dead to him ever since.

LIKE NO OTHER LOVE BY CHARLOTTE BRAEME.

A Case in Which a Young Man Must Choose Between His Mother and a Sweetheart.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Sir Carlos Carew, a headstrong youth, falls in love with Maggie Waldron, a steward's beautiful daughter. They become engaged and he goes to his estate at Firholme to win his mother's consent to the wedding.

CHAPTER II.

Patrician and Proletariat.

LADY CAREW was thunderstruck when her son delightedly told her of his engagement to a landsteward's daughter.

Still more horrified was she when, calling on Maggie, at Sir Carlos's request, she found that though the girl was undeniably beautiful, she was utterly uneducated, innately coarse and vulgar and altogether "impossible." What Carlos mistook for charming naturalness she read for utter ignorance.

On her return from the visit Lady Carew was urged by her son to give an opinion of his enchantress. She dreaded to oppose him, but she saw his whole life happiness hung on his being cured of this absurd fancy for a woman so entirely his inferior.

"My boy," Lady Carew began, "forgive me if I pain you, but she is not worthy to be your wife. She cannot speak English correctly and does not pronounce her words properly; she drops her 'h's;' moreover she does not understand the most common forms of good-breeding.

"If I were sure that it was true love, Carlos, you should have my advice and assistance, but I do not believe it. I know in my own heart that it is a boy's first fancy. How many men have wrecked themselves on such a rock! Oh, be warned, Carlos!"

"What would you suggest," he asked, "if you believed it to be true love?"

"If yours be true love, you need not fear the test," said Lady Carew. "You are but twenty-two, the girl is not much more than seventeen. What I propose is this: Let six months pass, Carlos; spend the time as you please—travel, study, amuse yourself—but mix with the world. If at the end of that term you still with all your heart wish me to entertain your proposal, then the girl must be properly trained and educated. After that I will think of what had best be done."

"Remember, I need not ask you," he said. "I am master here. Firholme is mine. I can bring a wife here when I choose, but I would not do so without your consent, for the sake of the love there has been between us. I prefer to please you if I can."

But Lady Carew would make no compromise. She was firm, and would not give her consent to her son's marriage unless he complied with the conditions laid down.

When Sir Carlos went back to Hatton he found that Lord Stanleigh was on the point of going to Spain. He had received important letters about some mining property he had there, and was compelled to start at once. In another three days the old mansion would be empty.

Hiram West had made one last appeal to beautiful Maggie, which she had laughed to scorn, and now he had to leave her to accompany his master to Spain.

Sir Carlos was greatly vexed at Stanleigh's determination. If Lord Stanleigh left Hatton he could not remain there, for the house would be in charge of servants. Then how could he see Maggie? And he would not admit the possibility at present of living without seeing her. He went over to the cottage at once, and found the girl in the garden.

"Come with me into the woods, Maggie," he said. "I have something to say to you."

As they walked Carlos broached the subject of his mother's refusal at angle.

"I could see that your mother did not like me," pouted Maggie.

"My darling, who could see you and not like you?" he cried. "It is not that. But listen, Maggie. My mother thinks that my love for you may be a boy's fancy of which I shall soon repent. She thinks I ought to give it the test of time, and she wants me to go away for six months and try if I can forget you—forget you, my darling!" he repeated, bending and kissing her passionately.

"That is not very kind of her," said Maggie, with a pretty pout.

"No—nor is it the worst of it. If at the end of six months I still love you as I do now she wishes you to be educated."

"Educated!"—and she tossed her pretty head. "Does Lady Carew think I don't know how to read and write? I went to school for five years, and Miss Pierson knew how to teach. I should hope. Hers was considered the most genteel school in the town, and she always said I was the most genteel girl in it. Want education! Why, Carlos, I knew all the maps, I had my grammar by heart, and as for sums and history—— How cruel of Lady Carew to say such a thing! My aunt always said I had been educated above my position."

He took her hand in his, caressing the dark hair and kissing the sweet lips as he spoke.

"You see, my darling Maggie, it is this—every class has its manners, habits, and customs. If my mother were to come here and take your place, she would be as much at a loss as you would be if you went suddenly to take hers."

Maggie did not look very pleased.

"No person can be more than genteel," she said; "and I have always been considered so." The lovely lips quivered, and the dark eyes looked more beautiful than ever as they filled with tears. "I think Lady Carew is very unkind," she went on. "I am quite sure that I have had as much education as any one in this world wants."

He said to himself that he must explain, that he must make his mother's meaning clear to her.

"It is in this way, my darling," he said. "There are little niceties of speech and manner that women like my mother consider almost second nature; no voice on earth is sweeter than yours, but my mother would forget its sweetness if you omitted the letter 'h' from certain words or used it unnecessarily in others."

"I don't do that!" cried Maggie. "You do not love me, or you would not think of such things. I should not care how you spoke. What should I think of a few mistakes? Suppose that I cannot be just like Lady Carew, what does it matter? You prentended to like me just as I am."

At the sight of her tears, at the sound of her sweet voice, all prudence left him. That his peerless Maggie should cry, should think that he found fault with her, was not to be endured; he kissed the tears from her eyes—kissed the sweet quivering lips and hated himself for having spoken of these things to her. What were a few shortcomings in the way of grammar, when the mouth that uttered the words was beautiful as that of Venus?

"Carlos," and she laid her shapely arms round his neck and her beautiful face on his—she knew that he could never resist her caresses, "if I am to learn anything you must teach me. I should never forget anything you said. I should learn from you in half the time I should learn from any one else. Take your mother at her word—let me be 'educated' as she calls it; but you educate me."

"Maggie, I have thought of a plan," he said. "It is perhaps stealing a march on the dear mother; but all is fair in love. I will go away for six months; but I will marry you and take you with me. We will spend six months abroad, and during that time I will finish your education. I will teach you all those little niceties which I suppose my mother considers a part of woman's high training. At the end of the six months I will take you to her, and when she sees the improvement she will be anxious for me to marry you. Then we can show her how true our love was, how well it has stood the test, and she will enjoy the surprise."

Maggie entered heart and soul into the plot.

In ecstasy she threw herself into his arms. They talked for hours of the surprise it would be to Lady Carew when in the graceful, accomplished daughter-in-law presented to her she would recognize Maggie.

They not only talked of the scheme, but they carried it out. Maggie told her father that she was tired of a country life, and that she should get a situation in London. He was unsuspicious and easily deceived.

Sir Carlos went home and told his mother that he intended to spend the next six months in Italy, and that then he should have a surprise for her.

Everything favored Sir Carlos and Maggie's plan.

They were married in London, and started for Italy without a misgiving as to their future happiness.

Least of all did they remember the vengeful threats of Hiram West.

(To be continued.)

THE CLANDESTINE MEETING.

"EDUCATED!" AND SHE TOSSED HER PRETTY HEAD.

TOO MUCH FOR A DONKEY.

At a garrison ball a newly arrived subaltern, wishing for a partner, was offered an introduction to a young lady of somewhat large proportions, says Tit-Bits. He declined, saying he would just as soon drag a cart about the room.

The lady, who chanced to be the Colonel's daughter, heard the remark and secretly resolved to have her revenge when an opportunity offered.

Later in the evening the young officer discovered the fact of her being the daughter of his chief, and thought it well to retract his former refusal.

On being presented and soliciting the favor of the next waltz, she coolly bowed and said:

"I thank you, but I am much too heavy a cart for any donkey to draw!"

HE SHUNS DAYLIGHT.

Among the many human curios to be seen at Monte Carlo this season none attracts more attention than M. Yturbide, an eccentric millionaire, who shuns daylight as he would a plague. In his splendid villa he has placed an enormous elevator, into which his curtained and shuttered carriage is driven and raised to his heavily draped apartment when he wishes to take a drive. His rooms are always kept at a Turkish bath temperature, and as conditions in the gambling rooms of the Casino are about the same he sometimes ventures there in the evening.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Amusements.

NEW SAVOY THEATRE. 34 St., near B'way. OPENS XMAS NIGHT. THE GIRL WITH THE GREEN EYES, with CLARA BLOODGOOD.

EMPIRE THEATRE. Broadway and 40th St. Evgs., 8.20. Matinees Xmas and Saturday. WM. FAVERSHAM in IMPRUDENCE. Mats. Next Week—Wednesday, New Year's & Sat.

CRITERION THEATRE. Broadway & 44th st. Evenings at 8.15. Mats. Xmas and Sat. JULIA MARLOWE THE CAVALIER.

GARRICK THEATRE 35th st., near B'way. Last 4 Evgs. Mats. To-Day, Xmas & Sat. MARY MANNERING THE STUBBORNNESS OF GERALDINE. By Clyde Fitch. Dec. 29—Mrs. Langtry in The Cross-Ways.

KNICKERBOCKER THEA. B'way & 38th st. Evgs. 8.15. Matinees To-Morrow & Sat., 2.15. MR. N. C. GOODWIN MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT in "THE ALTAR OF FRIENDSHIP."

MADISON SQ. THEATRE, 24th st., nr. B'way. Xtra Mat. Xmas. AUDREY. Evgs. 8.15. Mat. Sat. at 2.

GARDEN THEATRE. 27th st., Madison av. Last 4 Nights. Mats. Xmas. & Sat. E. S. WILLARD. To-Night at 8.15 & Xmas Mat.—Tom Pinch. Thurs. & Sat. Nights—David Garrick. Friday Evg. & Sat. Mat.—All for Her. Dec. 30th—E. H. Sothern as Hamlet.

14th St. Theatre, nr. 6th ave. Mats. Wed. & Sat. EXTRA MATINEE CHRISTMAS & NEW YEAR'S. DAVID HIGGINS & GEORGIA WALDRON in last season's greatest success UP YORK STATE 2 weeks only.

MRS. OSBORN'S PLAY HOUSE 44th St., near 5th Ave. Evenings at 8.45. Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2.20. "FAD AND FOLLY" Last Week

AMERICAN 42D ST. AND 8TH AVE. Evgs. 8.15. 25c., 35c., 50c. MAT. DAILY (Exc't Mon.), 25c. ALONE IN LONDON. Next Week, The SILVER KING

KEITH'S B'way and 14th st. BEST SHOW IN TOWN. 30—GREAT ACTS—30 PRICES, 25c. and 50c. *,* DOORS OPEN 10.20 A. M. CHRISTMAS DAY.

NEW STAR Lex. Ave., 107th st. HANLON'S SUPERBA. Matinee T'd'y, 25c. EXTRA MAT. XMAS.

HERALD SQUARE THEATRE. Evgs. at 8. Mat. Sat. at 2. MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD in JULIUS CAESAR.

PRINCESS. B'way & 29th St. Evgs., 8.30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. Mr. Aubrey Boucicault scored an undoubted triumph in "Heidelberg"—N.Y. Herald

CASINO Mat. T'd'y, Xmas and Sat., 2.15. A CHINESE HONEYMOON

Amusements.

METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE. GRAND OPERA SEASON 1902-1903. Under the Direction of MR. MAURICE GRAU.
TO-NIGHT, at 8.....LA BOHEME
Fri. Ev'g, Dec. 26, at 7.45. TRISTAN UND ISOLDE
Sat. Aft., Dec. 27, at 2.....AIDA
Sat. Ev'g, Dec. 27, at 8 (at Pop. Prices)....OTELLO
Sun. Ev'g, Dec. 28, at 8.30. Grand Pop. Concert. "Stabat Mater"—Nordica, Kirkby Lunn, Bridewell, Saligmac, Journet, Gilibert.
WEBER PIANOS USED.

HURTIG & SEAMON WEST 125 ST. Al. Leech and 3 Rosebuds, Louis Simon and Grace Gardner, Delmore and Lee; others. CHRISTMAS DAY MATINEE TO-MORROW. MATINEE TO DAY Res'd Orch. 25c.

ST. NICHOLAS SKATING RINK 69 West 66th Street. OPEN TO THE PUBLIC EXCEPT MONDAYS. ADMISSION, 50c. MUSIC. SKATES FREE.

PASTOR'S 14TH ST., NEAR 3D AVE. CONTINUOUS. 20 AND 30 CENTS. RUSSELL BROS. & CO., SNYDER & BUCKLEY, BARRY & HALVERS, LLOYD & WALTONE. CHRISTMAS DAY OPEN 11.30—BIG SHOW.

Manhattan THEA., B'way & 33d St. Evs. 8. Mat. Thur. & Sat. MRS. FISKE MARY OF MAGDALA. MATINEE TO-MORROW & NEW YEAR'S.

DALY'S Ev., 8.10. Mats. Wed., Xmas & Sat. LAST 4 NIGHTS. A COUNTRY GIRL. NEXT MONDAY—"THE BILLIONAIRE," with JEROME SYKES. Seats Ready.

EDEN MUSEE. WORLD IN WAX! New Groups. CINEMATOGRAPH. De Kolta, the Wizard. To-night at 9. Extra De Kolta Matinee Christmas Day.

BIJOU, Sat. Mat. Telephone 2224 Mad. Sq. MABELLE GILMAN in THE MOCKING BIRD. SPECIAL MATINEE CHRISTMAS DAY.

BELASCO THEATRE B'y, 424 St. Ev. 8. Mats. Xmas. Sat. David Belasco presents BLANCHE BATES in "THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

Metropolis Evgs., 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 142d st. & 3d ave. Are You a Mason? Extra Matinee To-Morrow—Xmas.

VICTORIA, 42d st., B'way, 7 av. Ev. 8.15. Mat. Sat. Mat. Xmas. VIOLA ALLEN THE ETERNAL CITY

WALLACK'S, B'way & 30th st. LAST 5 NIGHTS. Evgs., 8.30. Mats. To-day, To-morrow & Sat., 2.15. JAS. K. HACKETT in "THE CRISIS." N'xt w'k, Geo. Ade's "Sultan of Sulu." Seats ready.

New York, B'way, 45 st. Eve., 8.15. Mats. To-day, Xmas & Sat., 2.15. WHEN COMES JOHNNY MARCHING HOME.

CIRCLE Thea., B'way & 60 St. Bijou Fernandes in SPECIAL MATINEE CHRISTMAS DAY. THE CHARITY BALL

WEST END DENMAN THOMPSON, in "THE OLD HOMESTEAD."

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VISIT PROCTOR'S TO-DAY. TO-NIGHT. RESERVED EVERY APT. & EVE.—Full Orch.
23d St. Contm's Vaudeville, Dolan & Lenhart, "Taking Chances;" Fred Eldridge, Cook & Clinton, Ranza & Arno. Acts. Open 10.30 A. M. Xmas Day at 25c. st.
5th Ave. THE BELLS OF HAMELIN. William Bramwell, Minnie Seligman. All Favorite Stock. Vaude.
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